

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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A SILENT WITNESS.

BY EDMUND YATES.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "CASTAWAY," "THE YELLOW FLAG," &c. &c.

BOOK II. CHAPTER VIII. THE LADY OF QUALITY.

MR. HEATH was justified in saying that his recommendations were certain to be carried out. The trustees were mere puppets in his hands; and Mr. Hillman, though a shrewd and long-headed attorney, had been so won over by the fidelity and sagacity which Heath had shown in the management of the bank, that he would not for an instant have dreamed of controverting any suggestion he might make. Mr. Bence highly approved of the idea that Grace should be launched into the world with a good house and establishment of her own, as the adoption of such a course promised to secure for him and his family a certain position in society, as the connections of the young heiress; while the engagement of a qualified chaperon would relieve Mrs. Bence—a fat, placid old woman, with a tendency to go to sleep after midnight—from the necessity of sitting up and looking after their young friend. As for Mr. Palmer, he professed to be entirely astonished at anyone electing to live in London, no matter for how short a time. It was all right, he dare say; and, of course, different people have different tastes, and Miss Middleham was a young woman new to that kind of thing, so, of course, he had no objection to make; and whenever Miss Grace wanted a little fresh air, he and Mrs. Palmer would be delighted to see her at the Manor House, and would find room for her sheep-dog also—ha, ha! her sheep-dog! And Mr. Palmer,

apparently much tickled at the expression, repeated it with great glee.

So, having received the necessary sanction, Mr. Heath proceeded to carry out his plans. The first thing to be done was to find a furnished house; for, though Grace and the professor were very comfortable at Fenton's, it was not merely thought desirable that the young lady should be installed at the head of her own establishment as soon as possible, but dismal letters had been received from the Frau Professorin, in which her own failing health was pointedly alluded to, and a strong desire for her husband's immediate return was expressed. The only thing which kept her up, Madame Sturm said, was Waller's unwearied attention, and the prospective pleasure of hearing all about the professor's enthusiastic reception by the English scientific world. There is never a lack of furnished houses to be let in London, and one was very soon found which Mr. Heath said he thought "might do," and with which Grace expressed herself content. It was a tall, ten-roomed house, in Eaton-place, belonging to a retired Indian colonel, who dwelt in it from October till February very comfortably, getting his chat at the Junior, and his whist at the Portland, and regularly dining with all his old friends; and, by letting it during the London season, realising an income which enabled him and his wife to live, with perfect ease to themselves, at German spas or English watering-places, or wherever their fancy might lead them. The furniture was useful rather than elegant; the chairs in the dining-room were hard and slippery, and the family pictures on the walls appalling. There was one, in particular, of the colonel's mother—a farinaceous-looking old lady, with a

flaxen front, a pale countenance, and two lace lappets tied under her chin in a manner so ghastly suggestive, that the former season's tenants had unhooked and hidden it away during their stay; while another, of the colonel's uncle, who had originally sent him to Addiscombe—an aggressive old gentleman, in powdered pigtail and Hessian boots—glared down upon the intruders, and seemed to want to know their business there. The back room was a kind of deep tank, all available space in which was occupied by a round card-table, a case of stuffed birds, and the colonel's library, consisting of the Army List, the Peerage, and two odd volumes of Napier's Peninsular War. The stair-carpet had been "shifted," to hide the parts most worn; but the landing-place was a triumph, for on it was a piece of upholstery supposed to resemble a jaguar, and covered with the skin of that animal—an impossible beast, with a cracked glass-eye, and a protruding tongue made of red cloth; and out of it led the conservatory, a stuffy glass-house, six feet square, into which the black rain dripped with hollow, plashing sound.

There were not too many ornaments in the drawing-room. Such as were there were of Oriental origin—cheap carved ivory work, sandal-wood boxes, banner screens with Japanese figures, and framed photographs of Indian temples. Nor were the appointments of the bed-room such as were likely to find favour in the eyes of a young lady, to whom cheval-glasses and large wardrobes were necessities; but where money was no object, such additions could be easily supplied, and the accommodation being sufficient, and the address undeniable, the house was taken for the season, and the colonel and his wife sent on their way rejoicing.

To most persons, the selection of a chaperon, for an heiress wholly ignorant of the world, would have presented many difficulties; but the trustees had been content to leave the matter in the hands of Mr. Heath, and that gentleman numbered among his acquaintances a lady, whom he considered exactly fitted for the important post. The Honourable Mrs. Cratchley was a lady whose clearness of vision in all that concerned herself, and whose readiness and obedience where any profit was to be made, had evoked the bank-manager's admiration, in certain matters of business in which they had been engaged together. In the first place,

she fulfilled the condition of being a widow, which was an absolute necessity. There was no shady husband in the background to interfere with her schemes, or claim his share of her earnings. Then her title was indisputable; her manner, excellent; and her recognition in society undoubted. Thirty years previously—when, as Harriet Staunton, she lived with her father, the old commander of the coast-guards, at St. Beckett's, in a little white-washed cottage, overlooking the sea—her greatest ambition was that the rector's wife would die, in which case she thought she had a chance of succeeding to the vacancy; or that Mr. Meggs, the apothecary, would repeat in earnest, what he had so often said in jest, and make her the sharer of his heart and practice. But though the apple-faced little medico had no idea of committing what he would have considered an act of folly, he was the unconscious means of bringing about the girl's destiny. One evening, as Harriet sat chewing the cud of fancy—which was to her always less sweet than bitter—in the twilight, she heard the sound of wheels at the front door. Access to the lieutenant's cottage was generally obtained over the sloping shoulder of the cliff, and through the garden which led out to it; vehicular accommodation, too, was limited in those parts; and the girl knew at once that the visitor could be no other than Dr. Meggs. It was he indeed, as she found when she opened the door. He was not alone; and instead of seizing her by both hands, as was his usual custom, he addressed her somewhat formally.

"I have come to you, Miss Staunton," he said, after the first salutation, "on an errand of mercy. This gentleman," pointing to his companion, who still remained motionless in the gig, "has met with an accident, while gull shooting, at St. Ann's Head. He missed his footing, and though he was providentially saved by a jutting portion of the cliff, his ankle is dislocated, and he is severely shaken. One of your father's men, who saw the affair, hailed me, as I was passing; and, fortunately, meeting the lieutenant, I obtained permission to bring the stranger here. He is staying with Sir Thomas Walton, at Whitethorns," he added, dropping his voice; "but it would be impossible to attempt to get him there to-night, and equally impossible to take him to the Trawlers Net, or to any of the cottages in the village. If you will let him be

carried to that little spare room, which Master Harry occupies when he is at home, and let old Jane foment the limb, and do what I tell her, I have no doubt I shall be able to rid you of him to-morrow."

Harriet Staunton, delighted at the idea, was only damped at the thought that the room in which her brother Harry (a mate in the P. and O. Company's service) occasionally passed a few nights, would not be suitable for the reception of a gentleman who was in a position to be at Whitethorns; but the practical little doctor soon quieted her scruples; and the stranger, who was still insensible, was carried upstairs in the strong arms of two of the coastguard men. Old Jane's fomentations, renewed throughout the night, were not, however, so efficacious as Dr. Meggs had expected. On visiting his patient the next day, he heard from the young man that he was in no condition to be moved, and that unless it was the absolute desire of his host, he declined to be taken from his present quarters.

The fact was that Captain the Honourable James Crutchley—for such was the visitor's name and title—while still supposed to be in a state of coma, looking up under his dropped eyelids, had seen a face peering at him over old Jane's shoulder: a face which, though not strictly beautiful, was fresh and young, with bright gleaming teeth, and soft wavy hair, and different in every respect from the countenances of old Lady Walton and her two spinster nieces, who were the only women whom he had looked upon for six weeks. With no game of his own to play, and with a sincere regard for the girl, whom he had known since her childhood, the old doctor humoured his patient. The Waltons had already been informed of the accident, and a messenger was now despatched to Whitethorns, telling his friends that the removal of the patient was for some days impossible, and assuring them that all due care was being taken of him.

That same afternoon Sir Thomas Walton rode over on his cob, peeped through the door at the patient, who was supposed to be sleeping, shook hands with Lieutenant Staunton, whom for twenty years he had hitherto only honoured with a nodding acquaintance, stared very hard, while saying a few polite words with Harriet, and went away, earnestly wishing that he had had her for a nurse, when he dislocated his collar-bone during the last cub-hunting.

James Crutchley's dislocation took a long time to heal—longer than one would have thought from the speedy manner in which he contrived to avoid the necessity of keeping his couch, and to get down-stairs. In these cases, however, it is, perhaps, bad to attempt too much at first, and his undue haste entailed upon him the alternative of either lying upon the couch in what was politely called the drawing-room—because Harriet's cottage-piano was, and the lieutenant's meerschaum pipe was not, allowed there—or of calling for a supporting arm, the strength of which need not be very great, to help him in his rambles along the garden or over the cliff. The end of this it was not difficult to foresee. Jim Crutchley was not a handsome man—indeed, he was called "Joco" in the regiment, from his fancied resemblance to an ape; he was small, and lean, and brown, with mean little black eyes, open nostrils, an enormous upper lip, and projecting teeth; but he had good hands and feet, dressed well, and was unmistakably a well-bred gentleman. Harriet Staunton had never seen anyone like him. She had no thought of the parson now, except that he was fat and forty, and that it did not matter how long his wife lived; no thought of Dr. Meggs, except one occasionally of gratitude towards him for introducing the captain, no thought of anyone or anything save the captain himself. Not that Harriet worshipped him, adored him, raved about him, as is the custom of many young ladies under similar circumstances. She knew he was plain, but found him agreeable and amusing, with more to say that was interesting to her, than any one with whom she had been before brought into contact; and she saw in winning him a chance of rescuing herself from the dull, solitary life against which she had so long repined in vain.

As for the Honourable James, there was no doubt about the state of his feelings. During all the dozen years in which he had been knocking about London, and the garrison towns where his regiment had been quartered, he had contrived to keep himself tolerably heart-whole, having had, of course, a great many "affairs" of all kinds, but none of them with anything approaching to a serious result. His respected father, the Earl of Waddledot, had often bitterly bemoaned to his eldest son and heir to the family honours, Viscount Podager, his grief that Jim was so "confoundedly plain-headed." If he

had been a good-looking fellow, he might have succeeded, the earl thought—for he had plenty of “impydence,” and talk, and that kind of thing, don’t you know—in marrying some rich gal; a contingency which would not only have restored his own very fallen fortunes, but would have enabled him to lend a few thousands to his father and elder brother, who were both sadly impecunious. But while his noble relatives were thus kind enough to busy themselves with his affairs, the Honourable Jim had held on his course very straight, and had not suffered himself to be entangled by any of the fascinations which he found in the fashionable world, although, on more than one occasion, with very little trouble, he might have stood the chance of carrying off a moneyed prize. It was not his ugliness that stood in his way; as John Wilkes said, at the end of half-an-hour’s conversation, no woman would think that he was plain. But it was not with the women that he had any difficulty—rather with their fathers and brothers, who, when informed by their spouses that Agatha, or Hermengarde, had waltzed several times with James Crutchley, would look grave, and shake their heads, and mutter hard words about a “bad lot,” “vaurien,” a “person of bad character,” and other deprecatory criticisms. The fact was that his allowance from his noble father being very small, and very irregularly paid, the Honourable Jim, finding that money was necessary for existence, had to trust to his own wits, to his experience in horse-flesh, and to his knowledge of games of skill, such as billiards and cards. His transactions in horse-dealing had been extensive, and one of them created such an interest in certain circles, that he had thought it advisable to exchange into another regiment, on a hint from his colonel, a man of liberal views, but holding the opinion that the line must be drawn somewhere. Still he remained a member of two or three leading clubs, occasionally obtained information which was not only early, but correct, about “good things” which were likely to come off, and made a very fair younger son’s income, by the clearness of his head and the steadiness of his hand.

Why a man of this stamp should fall in love—absolutely in the good old-fashioned meaning of the term—with such a girl as Harriet Staunton, is difficult to explain. There was no doubt, however, about the fact that the Honourable Jim’s experience,

vast though it had been, had not given him a notion of anyone combining so much beauty with perfect modesty, simplicity, and quietude of demeanour. His mother had died, when he was yet very young, and he had no sisters; and in his barrack-room, and racing-hotel life, he had had no opportunity of studying woman in her domestic sphere. Had such a chance been afforded him in the plenitude of his health and insolence, he would probably have sneered at it; but, although the fact of being tended by so charming a nurse had induced him to adopt that course of tactics, which is known by sailors as “shamming Abraham,” and by soldiers as “malingering”—though he made the worst of his wrenched ankle, and leaned more heavily, and more frequently, on the support which was at his command, than was at all necessary—it was certain that he had received a severe shock from his fall, and that his nerves were jarred and out of order. Doubtless this bodily weakness conduced to bring him into a tenderer and more impressible frame of mind; and it was not to be wondered at, that when he saw Harriet Staunton going the round of her domestic duties, listened to the confidences reposed in her by the old women of the village (the recipients of her benefactions), marked the thoughtful care with which she administered to her old father’s wants, and by her industry and earnestness, supplemented the small means at her disposal, by playing the part of Lady Bountiful of the neighbourhood, it was but natural that he should succumb to an influence such as he had never previously encountered, and become her very slave.

When a young man and woman are thus predisposed towards each other, it is not very difficult—more especially when the girl has plenty of foresight, and has her feelings well under control—to predict the result. One evening when the old lieutenant was smoking his pipe and slowly mastering the contents of the newspaper, the Honourable Jim took advantage of the temporary absence of Harriet from the room, to declare the state of his feelings, and to demand her hand. Her own consent he had, he said, already obtained; and then, striking at once into the business part of the question, he declared that though he had no regular source of income beyond his pay, which would be sacrificed at once, as he intended disposing of his commission, he would take care that Harriet had all the comforts of the posi-

tion, which, as his wife, she would enjoy. But little eloquence—even less than that employed upon the subject by James Crutchley—would have been sufficient to induce Lieutenant Staunton to acquiesce in any arrangement which his daughter looked upon as calculated to ensure her happiness; and long before his intended son-in-law had reached his peroration, the old gentleman was thinking, with vague wonderment, what the cottage would look like, when the light of Harriet's presence was withdrawn from it, and how he should manage to scrape along when left solely to the ministrations of old Jane. The future of the old man had not, indeed, been considered by the young people as part of their scheme, but he accepted it easily enough, gave them his consent and his blessing; and three weeks after, when the banus had been duly published, took farewell of his daughter with streaming eyes and a saddened heart, never to look upon her again.

The consternation which fell upon the household at Crutchley Castle, when the news of the Honourable Jim's marriage with the pretty and penniless girl was received there, can scarcely be described. The inferior portion of it, though not unaccustomed to seeing their master in what they called his "tantrums" on the receipt of letters pressing for money, and the occasional visits of duns, had never beheld him so much moved as under the present circumstances; and the "cussin and swearin" in which Lord Podager indulged considerably transcended his ordinary performances, by no means despicable, in that line. The old earl's ungovernable fury brought upon him a fresh and fierce attack of his old enemy, the gout. He had never thought much of Podager, on whom Nature had bestowed a malformed foot, and with it, as is frequently the case, a sullen and forbidding temper; but thought that Jim, with his commission in a crack regiment, his popularity in society, his natural brightness and readiness, and his full knowledge of the family circumstances—which, it was but just to say, had never been in the smallest degree concealed from him—Jim ought to have made a better return than this. Lord Waddledot spoke of it as "a return" in pure simplicity, but wholly ignoring the fact that James Crutchley's original commission, and his subsequent steps, had been purchased for him by an uncle, since deceased; and that

he himself had done practically nothing for his son's advancement in life. A suggestion that they should spend a few weeks at Crutchley Castle, made by the Honourable Jim, in deference to his wife's wishes as necessary for her recognition, but with a full knowledge of what it would entail on them both, was promptly negatived; and the happy pair remained in London, whither they had hastened after their marriage, while Jim sent in his papers, and eventually received the price of his commission. A small house, in a decent suburb, was then taken; and Harriet set to work to undo the mischief which, to say the least of it, the suspicious nature of many of her husband's proceedings in earlier life had wrought. She was recognised and called upon by some of the more remote members of the family, who were so struck with her simple, lady-like manners, that they bore forth a favourable report to others, which, in due time, reached the ears of the earl. An invitation to the castle followed; the proffered hospitality of a week was extended to two months; and, when the Honourable Mrs. James Crutchley took leave of her father-in-law, she had not merely the pleasure of feeling that she was on the best of terms with that august noblemen, but that she had so far ingratiated herself with the people of the county as to be reckoned an ornament rather than a discredit to the family, and the more permanent satisfaction of knowing that, by her tact and savoir faire, she had obtained for James the adjutancy of the Linphshire Militia, which was a certain, though small, source of income.

Harriet Crutchley was not a woman to stop when she saw the ball at her foot. Step by step she persevered, until, in the acknowledgment of her social charms and domestic virtues, all reminiscences of the Honourable Jim's early peccadilloes faded away; and, although he still played billiards and ecarté with remarkable success, and had what was generally a most wholesome book on the principal events of the year, these pastimes were but regarded as the ordinary and legitimate amusements of an English gentleman of rank. So agreeable did she make herself, too, to the erewhile hostile Podager, that, when that young nobleman succeeded his lamented father, and found that, by the connivance of the family lawyer, the estate was by no means so heavily dipped as had been imagined, he consented to make an allowance of five

hundred a year to his younger brother; and when, after ten years of fairly happy married life, the Honourable Jim succumbed to an attack of fever, caught on a wet St. Leger day, his lordship was graciously pleased to continue it to the widow.

Ten years had passed since the Honourable Jim had been laid in the family vault at Crutchley, and Harriet, a buxom woman of forty, retained her hold on the affections of her late husband's family, and on the general respect of society; further, she retained the five hundred a year and the benefit arising from the shifting investments of the proceeds of a policy on her husband's life, which she had induced him to enter upon shortly after their marriage. In these investments she had the advantage of the advice of her second cousin, Mr. George Heath, of whom she had seen nothing since her early childhood; but whom, when she found him in a high commercial position in the city, and able to direct her little financial operations to profit, she took up very warmly, and frequently invited to her comfortable, well-furnished rooms in Ebury-street. During all the years of her widowhood, Mrs. Crutchley had assiduously and successfully striven not to lose, or in any way to compromise, the position in society which her marriage had obtained for her. Always well-dressed in rich and ample black silk—a comely matron, wearing a pretty lace cap, over her still luxurious fair hair—always good-tempered, agreeable, and ready to oblige, Harriet Crutchley was a favourite with the old, to whose foibles she showed a pleasant forbearance, and with the young, whose extravagances she was, when it suited her, generally ready to condone.

Such was the lady selected by Mr. Heath as chaperon for Grace Middleham.

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.

BRISTOL.

ABOUT the derivation of the word Bristol, the antiquaries, according to their habit, widely differ. Some say it was called *Caer-Brito*, the British city, to contrast it strongly with *Avon* or *Clifton*, the Roman city, nearer the sea. Others hold that *Brit*, in old Celtic, means "separated," as "Britain, the separated or lonely island," marking the separation of the early British city from the Roman outpost. The Saxons, however, according to Leland, seem to

have called it "*Bryht-Stowe*," the bright or illustrious city. Bishop Gibson, with considerable plausibility, held that its real name was *Brigstowe* or *City of Bridges*, a by no means impossible derivation.

However that may be, Bristol was a place of importance long before the Romans built their fort at Clifton. Nennius, as early as the year 620, mentions *Caer-Brito* as one of twenty-eight famous and ancient cities of Britain. It is first called *Bristow* by Henry of Huntingdon, in 1148. Camden, with an absence of his usual accuracy, says that Bristol did not rise to importance till towards the declension of the Saxon power, and is not mentioned in English history till the year 1063, when Harold, according to Florence of Worcester, set sail from that port to invade Wales. One thing is certain, that as early as the decline of the Roman power in Britain, when the legions left the great cities of *Caerleon* and *Caerwent* to their fate, the Britons poured across the Severn into Bristol, and occupied it, till they were, in their turn, driven back into the Welsh mountains by the stronger-armed Saxons.

The Earls of Gloucester were, in the Saxon times, thanes of Bristol; and foremost among those, noted for power, wealth, and benefactions to the city, stands *Brictrick*, who founded a Christian church, and, according to a Tewkesbury chronicler quoted by Dugdale, was honoured in the city almost as a deity. Henry the Second was educated here; and, in King John's reign, Bristol, by the usurper's marriage with a daughter of the Earl of Gloucester, became vested in the crown. Bristol became so rich and flourishing in the reign of Henry the Second, that on the principle of always giving an apple to the man who has an orchard, the king gave the city of Dublin, with privileges and free customs, to a Bristol colony.

The first monastery built in Bristol was the work of *Hardynge*, a rich merchant, who had obtained the royal favour. This *Hardynge* was no vulgar soul; for, according to the veracious inscription still extant over the monastic gate-house, in College Green, he was the younger son or grandson of a king of Denmark. Others say he married a daughter of a king of Denmark. He bore for arms gules, a chevron argent; and his eldest son, by the Princess *Lyvida* the Dane, was *Robert Fitzhardinge*, first lord of Berkeley, by gift of Henry the Second. *Robert* of Gloucester, the old rhyming chronicler, says of the first *Hardynge*—

A burgess of Bristow, that Robert Hardyng, For great treasure and riches so well was with the king; That he gave him and his heirs the noble barony, That so rich is of Berkeley, with all the signory.

The monastery of St. Augustine, which Hardyng built, stood on pleasant, rising ground, and had a view of hills. The ancient refectory is now part of the prebend's house; the abbot's house has now given place to the bishop's; but the old cloisters and chapter-house still remain.

Robert Fitzhardinge, first lord of Berkeley, became canon of the new Augustine monastery, and was, in due time, buried by the prior's stall; and Eva, his wife, who survived him only a month, was laid in the same grave. The abbey took six years building, and its first six canons were all chosen from a monastery at Wigmore.

The good Lord Robert, and Dame Eva his wife, were not forgotten in the Bristol monastery. Twice every day general prayers were said for their souls; a special prayer was repeated for them and all other founders and benefactors at seven every morning, besides daily prayers in the Chapter House. On the anniversary of Lord Robert's death and on its eve there were special services, chanting, and bell-ringing, and, on the day itself, there was great almsgiving—one hundred poor men being cheered and refreshed with a canon's loaf and three herrings each, while two bushels of peas were distributed among the whole. Cakes, bread, and wine were also given to the abbot, prior, sub-prior, almoner, and secular servants, the only difference being that the abbot's cake was worth fourpence, and the prior's and sub-prior's only twopence. Every prisoner in Bristol gaol also received a loaf; every man sharing in the final general dole at the gate of the monastery received forty days' pardon, and half the same dole was given to the poor on the anniversary of the death of Dame Eva.

A descendant of Sir Robert—Thomas, third Lord Berkeley—was accused of conspiring in the barbarous murder of Edward the Second at his own castle of Berkeley; but it is certain and proved that the old warrior of Poitiers had no hand in the crime, but lay sick at Berkeley, at the very time that Thomas de Gournay and William de Ogle carried out their savage purpose. Maurice, the father of Thomas, had died shortly before at Wallingford Castle as a prisoner of the king's. Perhaps the murderers had relied too confidently on the anger of Lord Thomas against the

enemy of his house. On the north side of the Elder Lady Chapel is an altar tomb, with the recumbent effigies of Maurice, Lord Berkeley, and either Margaret his mother or Elizabeth his wife.

Not far from this monument of the Fitzhardinges, is one erected to a very different person, Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, the Laura of Sterne. She died in 1778, aged thirty-five, and the epitaph records her "genius and benevolence."

In the north aisle rests a well-known bustling man about Town of the last century, William Powell, one of the patentees of Covent Garden, and a bosom friend of George Colman, who wrote for him the following kindly epitaph:

Bristol! to worth and genius ever just,
To thee our Powell's dear remains we trust:
Soft as the streams thy sacred springs impart,
The milk of human kindness warmed his heart;
That heart, which every tender feeling knew,
The soil where pity, love, and friendship grew.
Oh! let a faithful friend, with grief sincere,
Inscribe his tomb, and drop the heartfelt tear;
Here rest his praise, here found his noblest fame,
All else a bubble or an empty name.

In the same aisle sleeps Mary, the beloved wife of the poet Mason; a Yorkshire lady, who was stricken with consumption immediately after her marriage, which she survived only two years. She, like Powell of Covent Garden, seems to have come to Bristol to take the Clifton waters. A friend of Gray, Mason appears, from the greater poet's letters, to have been a good, amiable, careless man, with somewhat of Goldsmith's naïve vanity. When Mason complained to Colman of his adding stage paraphernalia to his severe and unsuccessful play, or rather dramatic poem, of "Elfrida," Colman threatened if Mason made any more fuss to add a chorus of Greek washer-women. Once, when riding into Oxford with a friend at dusk, Mason congratulated his friend that, it being dark, they should pass unnoticed through the town.

"What advantage is that," said his friend, carelessly.

"What advantage!" said Mason, in astonishment. "Do you not remember my 'Isis?'"—a satirical poem, written years ago, against the Oxford Jacobites. Yet this solemn butt of Churchill, Colman, and Lloyd, could write beautiful and tender verses, as the following epitaph upon his wife shows:—

Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear,
Take that best gift, which Heaven so lately gave;
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; she bowed to taste the wave

And dy'd. Does youth, does beauty read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to
charm;
Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity as free;
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love:
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die
('Twas ev'n to thee), yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

Near the communion rail is the altar tomb of Abbot Knowles. This abbot rebuilt the cathedral in the reign of Edward the First, and with the help of the Berkeleys, procured a confirmation of all the abbey lands. He lies on his back, with crozier in his hand and mitre on his breast, arms a white chevron and three roses of the first. At the upper end of the north aisle is the skeleton effigy of Bishop Paul Bush, and gaunt and ghastly it is. It lies on a low tomb eighteen inches from the ground, and six Ionic pillars support the flat freestone canopy. This man, whom verger's tradition falsely asserts to have been starved to death by the Roman Catholics, was chaplain to Henry the Eighth; he married, and alienated many of the manors of the bishopric. Henry the Eighth appointed him the first bishop of the newly created see of Bristol, and all went well with him, till Time's wheel went round and brought its revenge. Afraid of Queen Mary, on account of his marriage, he threw up his bishopric during the Marian murders, and stepped into the quiet rectory of Winterbourne, the year his wife died. In his retirement he wrote a treatise on salves and other remedies, and he now lies near his wife's grave. He built the present episcopal throne and the choir stalls. We fear Paul Bush was a trimmer, for a stone in the choir near his austere and penitential tomb is engraved "of your charity pray for the soul of Edith Bush, otherwise Ashley, who deceased 8 October, 1553."

In the south wall in the choir, below the black and white marble steps, lies the effigy of Abbot Newland or Nailheart, with his mitre on his head, and two obsequious angels at his reverend but dusty feet, supporting a shield on which is his rebus, a heart pierced with three nails. This dignitary, usually called "the good abbot," governed the order for thirty-four years. He was a learned man, often employed by Henry the Seventh in foreign embassies. He beautified and enlarged the cathedral, and wrote a history of the

Berkeley family, which is still extant in MS. for any enterprising publisher to speculate on. The next abbot, Elliot, helped to build the stately gate-house of the cathedral; and square bricks with his initials, R. E., are still to be found on the choir floor.

In the south aisle is the altar tomb, now walled up and without effigy, to Maurice Berkeley. At the other side of the vestry door is the tomb and effigy of Maurice, third Lord Berkeley, his arms on the shield worn on his left arm; and at the lower end of the same aisle is the cross-legged effigy of Thomas, Lord Berkeley, who, having offended King Henry the Third, was obliged, when old, to enter himself as a Knight Templar.

The only brass serving as a gravestone in the whole cathedral—according to Barrett, the worthy Bristol surgeon and local historian, on whom that clever young rascal Chatterton palmed so many sham documents—is on the ancient gravestone of Fitzhardinge, the founder of the cathedral. Close under the pulpit is a stone to the memory of a forgotten Bristol worthy, Robert Perry, master, in the reign of Charles the First, of the Bristol Blue-coat Hospital, founded by Queen Elizabeth. In a chapel lying quietly out of the south aisle, like the backwater of a mill-stream, is a sumptuous old grey marble tomb with two kneeling figures, but no brass or escutcheons. This was erected to Sir Richard Newton Craddock, a Justice of the Common Pleas in 1444, and was defaced during the reckless civil wars. On another nameless alabaster tomb, in the same prior's chapel, there are two coats of arms, one with twenty-four quarterings, and another with twelve.

At the lower end of the south aisle, on a pillar, is a black and white slab in memory of a brave but unfortunate man, Jacob Elton, captain of the Anglesea, forty-gun frigate, who was killed by the French in a naval engagement in 1745, his body thrown overboard, and his ship taken.

Bristol being the youngest born of English sees, has not many legends or traditions about its bishops. As to the abbots, the abbey seems to have done, like most abbeys, considerable good and considerable harm, with a tendency, towards the Reformation, to do less good and more harm daily. There were frequent complaints of these Bristol monks, we find, all through the middle ages. In 1278, Godfrey, Bishop of Worcester, in his visitation, found every-

thing, temporarily and spiritually, "Dannabiler prolapsam" ("Cursedly gone back"). He begged the monks not to buzz out of the choir as soon as service was ended, like vagrants and vagabonds doing mere mechanical service, but to devoutly wait, as became holy and settled persons, returning thanks to God. The bishop also required that silence should be better observed, and that monks should not leave the abbey without urgent necessity, and then only in twos, an elder and a younger, and by the abbot's own permission. No brother was to sell his leavings at meals, but to lay them up for alms. He devoted a special curse on all who should sham illness to avoid Divine worship, and on all friars who should meet in the infirmary to drink and surfeit. At meals the monks were expressly forbidden scandal; and the abbot's servants and clerks were forbidden henceforward to feast strangers in private rooms. The abbot's household was also greatly cut down, and he was commanded not to give splendid entertainments out of the house while the monastery lacked; and, lastly, as the accounts were ill-managed, the granary-keeper, the corn-seller, and the porter were summarily discharged.

Yet still the Augustines went on backsliding. In the year 1320 another Bishop of Worcester, at his visitation, denounced many serious irregularities. The abbot's hounds were to be sent away. There was the almoner, Henry of Gloucester, to dismiss, and an incontinent friar, John of Shaftesbury, to reprove. The sick were not found well provided for; the brethren's money allowance was ill paid; the mass of the Holy Virgin was neglected; a certain periodical forty pence dole was kept back by the sub-prior; and, lastly, a brother too severely punished for pretended apostacy, was absolved of his penance of drinking only water on every Wednesday, and was allowed to drink beer and eat pulse, but was ordered to still abstain from eating fish.

In 1374 things went but little better. The Prior of Worcester, therefore, desired that five of the oldest canons should form a council to direct and check the expenses of the monastery. The best bedding of any dead brother was to be devoted to the use of the infirmary. The cook was to have no secular assistants—secular assistants making much mischief between the abbot and the convent. There were to be three keys to the abbey money-box, each key to be kept by

a different person; and, above all, the bread and beer were to be better in quality, and more plentiful in quantity.

And now for the bishops. Of Cheyney, the second bishop, Camden says he was addicted to Lutheranism, whilst Dr. Goodman declares he was a Papist, and was once suspended for Popery. The next, Bishop Bullingham, flew beyond sea to avoid Queen Mary's executors. Richard Fletcher, his successor, Sir John Harrington, says, was a greedy rascal, who took the see on the secret and disgraceful condition that he should lease out its estates to the hungry courtiers of Elizabeth, which he did so zealously that he left little to his successors. This Fletcher was the time-server who vexed Mary Queen of Scots on the scaffold, and foolishly urged her to abandon her faith. Elizabeth's displeasure at last fell on him, for a fault she never forgave. He married Lady Burke, a handsome widow, and died at last of the immoderate use of tobacco, after fretting for a time in the shade of Whitehall and on the episcopal throne of London.

John Thornborough, a bishop appointed by James the First from Limerick, unwarned by his predecessor's disgrace, also married, and also fell into disfavour at court. Robert Skinner, bishop during the civil wars, was a brave and true Royalist, who distinguished himself by being the only bishop who ventured to continue conferring orders, under the very eye of Cromwell. Thomas Westfield, another of the Commonwealth bishops, seems to have actually induced the Puritan Parliament to restore him the profits of the see which had been alienated. The stern committee, in the pass they gave him to go back to Bristol, described him "as a person of great learning and merit." Bishop King says he was born an orator, but so modest and diffident that he never ascended a pulpit without trembling; and on one occasion, when he had to preach before King Charles, he actually fainted. Westfield's successor, Thomas Howell, suffered worse than the rest. The Parliament men stripped the leaden roof off his palace, and turned out his wife, then in childbed, and his ten children, on a wet and stormy day. This exposure to the weather killed his wife, and the gentle and tender-hearted bishop died of a broken heart in less than a fortnight afterwards. He was buried at the entrance of the choir, under a plain stone, with no inscription but the one word—"Expergiscor." The kindly city, in love of the

father's memory, educated the poor bishop's orphan children. John Lake, a bishop of Bristol in the reign of James the Second, was one of the immortal seven who refused to publish in their churches the king's Jesuitical liberty of conscience declaration. Then came one of the brave Cornish Trelawnys, the first man to welcome the Prince of Orange, and rejoice over the expulsion of the Stuarts. Then followed Gilbert Ironside, son of a former bishop of that name. John Robinson, a bishop of Bristol in Queen Anne's reign, was Lord Privy Seal, and first plenipotentiary at the treaty of Utrecht. His arms—"three golden bucks feeding"—are to be seen in the west window of the cathedral, and also a Runic inscription. George Smalridge, his successor, was Lord Almoner to Queen Anne. He repaired the bishop's palace, but is chiefly remarkable for his singular coat of arms, "a cross engrailed or, between four white bustards respecting each other." His successor, Hugh Boulter, was one of the favourite chaplains of George the First, and generally attended the king in his frequent tours to Hanover. His arms were also remarkable—"or, on a chevron, gules, three men's skulls of the field." Thomas Gooch, a later bishop (1734), was afterwards translated to the see of Ely, and died at Ely House, Holborn, in 1754. That excellent writer, Secker, was Bishop of Bristol, 1734-5; and in 1738 there came that great divine, Bishop Butler, "pius, simplex, candidus, liberalis," as his epitaph justly has it. This excellent man and brave defender of Christianity rebuilt the bishop's palace at his own expense, and actually expended more, during the twelve years he was bishop, than he obtained from the see. He made a new parish, and built a church at Kingswood for the colliers, who were, at that time, more than half-savages. He died in 1752, and was buried near Bishop Ironside, at the foot of the bishop's seat, in very good company, with Bishop Howell on his one side and Bishop Bradshaw on the other.

Bishop Conybeare, appointed in 1750, was a learned divine; but in 1761, there came to the episcopal throne a true and worthy successor to Butler, and that was Bishop Newton, the writer of the celebrated Dissertations on the Prophecies, and a most amiable and worthy man. This good and honest prelate died without a groan, sinking down in his arm-chair at Bath, as he was taking out his watch to see the time.

Among the deans of Bristol, we need only mention the learned, crotchety, and pugnacious Warburton.

There is a curious story told, by-the-bye, about the repairs of the palace by Bishop Butler, in 1744. A parcel of plate, falling through the floor in one of the rooms, led to the discovery of a dungeon, in which were found human bones and pieces of iron, supposed to be instruments of torture. There was a narrow, arched passage leading to this dungeon, and cut through the thickness of the wall.

It was at the bishop's palace that the great mob of savage Bristol rioters of 1832, eager to wreak their hatred of the Church on the innocent old cathedral, were bravely confronted by the old and respected verger, Phillips, who, by his unflinching courage, actually induced them to retire.

Yet, after all, in spite of sundry venerable and beautiful spots, Bristol cathedral is but a fragment reft from various spoilers. Henry the Eighth was, of course, as usual, the great destroyer. Everything that was not too hot or heavy his greedy hands carried off. The west and south sides of the cloister have long since been lopped away; and the lead roofing on the east and north has also flown. This was partly Puritan theft and desecration. The poor cathedral has been twice pillaged, since the great sack by the Defender of the Faith. The chapter-house has still, however, some fine Saxon work, with a good stone roof of low arches. The gate-house, near the deanery, is also excellent early Norman, though, of course, far later than the legendary sermon delivered by St. Augustine, or his disciple, Jordan, on College Green. In the niches over the arch, Abbot Nailheart has placed an effigy of the founder, with a model of the convent in one hand and the foundation charter in the other, and, next him, a statue of Henry the Second, another benefactor of the monastery. On the south side are the statuettes of the Abbots Newland and Elliott, who in their time repaired the church. There was formerly a large oriel window in this gate-house, and a side turret, to hold the staircase that led to the upper chambers. At the west side is a postern which, in the last century, was turned into the dean's coachhouse, and over it is a porter's lodge. Among the escutcheons that stood in this interesting relic are the arms of England, of the Earls of Pembroke, and of the Fitzhardinges. Above the altar, the Virgin and Child are still conspicuous; and, on

the north side, two unknown benefactors to the cathedral moulder on their endless watch. In 1641 the gate-house was sold by the audacious Puritans for eighteen pounds.

How the cathedral became so incomplete, no one can decide. The local tradition is, that the west end of the nave was pulled down to the tower and sold, before Henry the Eighth had determined to make the convent a cathedral and the throne of a bishop's see. But there is a doubt whether the cathedral was ever completed after the commencement to rebuild in 1311. There is now no part existing older than the reign of Edward the First, except portions of the chapter-house and the round, arched gate-house. The debased glass windows in the north and south aisles, tradition says, were the gift of Mistress Nell Gwynne. The letters T. W., twisted into a cypher, on the bishop's throne and elsewhere, do not stand for Wolsey's name, but for that of Thomas Wright, an ambitious receiver-general of the chapter in 1541, during the first episcopate.

JOHN BULL IN THE CHINA SHOP.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

OF all the crockery "crazes" that the present or any other century has produced, the most extraordinary is that affecting the "Henri Deux Ware," once styled "Faïence de Diane de Poitiers," but now generally classed as "Faïence d'Oiron." The manufacture of this remarkable ware preceded the struggles of Palissy by several years, and is remarkable as having been at once carried to a high degree of perfection, and then unaccountably lost. For a long time considerable mystery existed concerning the Henri Deux ware—with which, it is unnecessary to say, Henry of France had nothing to do whatever. At one period it was referred to Italy, and was supposed to have been brought thence by Catherine de' Medici or her relations, and to have been the work of Benvenuto Cellini, Girolamo della Robbia, and others. It was not till 1862 that M. Fillon commenced those researches which eventually traced the mysterious ware to the until-then-unheard-of townlet of Oiron, near Thouars in Touraine. This little place became a lordship, because it pleased the Sieurs de Gouffier to establish themselves and build a château there. The lordship consists of a considerable plain, visited in winter by flocks of web-footed birds, whose habit it is to wheel in a circle before

alighting on the ground—hence the name of *Oi-rond* (goose-round) inscribed in the charter-house of the château. Here, about the year 1529, the manufacture of fine pottery was commenced by the direction of Hélène de Hangest, the widow of Artus Gouffier, Sieur de Boisy, and Governor of Francis the First when Duke of Valois. Dame Hélène had succeeded in securing the services of a potter named Charpentier; and it would seem that, aided also by the artistic taste of her librarian, Jehan Bernart, this gifted lady anticipated by a couple of hundred years the employment of fine pipeclay in England. After the death of Madame de Boisy, the manufacture was carried on by her son Charles, until the château was harried during the civil wars in 1568. The distinguishing characteristic of Henri Deux ware is, in the first place, the body, which is very light and delicate and of a pure white pipeclay, of so fine a texture that it did not require, like the ordinary Italian *faïenza*, any coating of opaque coloured glass or enamel, but merely a thin transparent varnish. Great care was required in its manufacture. It is supposed, although some good authorities dissent from this theory, that the foundation was first moulded by hand (not turned in a lathe), quite plain and without the least relief, the surface hatched with cross lines, and a thin outer coating or "engobe" of the same clay applied. The ornaments were then engraved in the same manner as the "champ levé" enamels, and coloured pastes introduced into the hollows left by the graver. The surface was now made smooth, and the object baked and varnished. This work then was clearly incrustation rather than painting. The style of decoration is unique—a smooth surface of the finest inlaying resembling the niello or damascening of steel work. Initial letters, interlacings, and arabesques on the smooth surface are enriched with raised ornaments in bold relief, consisting of masks, escutcheons, shells, &c. The immense value of Henri Deux ware is due, not only to the peculiar character of its fabric and its artistic merit, but, in some measure also, to its excessive rarity. Only fifty-four well-authenticated specimens are described by Mr. Chaffers. Of these twenty-eight pieces are in France, twenty-five in England, and one in Russia. Many of these ceramic treasures bear witness to their first owners in the salamander of Francis the First, the

monogram of Henry the Second, and the monogram and arms of Anne de Montmorency.

Up till the middle of the last century, the porcelain made at St. Cloud and Sèvres was of the kind designated *pâte tendre* or soft porcelain, differing much from the hard porcelain of the Chinese, which had long been imitated in Saxony with perfect success. In 1761 the second son of Paul Hanüing, founder of the Frankenthal manufactory, sold the secret of the process to M. Boileau, director of the Sèvres manufactory. Want of Kao-lin, however, prevented the success of the new fabric, until 1765, when, in the Limousin, not only was the Kaolin discovered, but the pure white felspar (*petuntse*) indispensable in the manufacture of true porcelain. Madame Darnet, the wife of a poor surgeon at St. Yrieix, having remarked in a ravine near the town a white unctuous earth, which she thought might be used as a substitute for soap in washing, showed it with that object to her husband, who carried it to a chemist at Bordeaux, who, having heard of the quest for porcelain earth, forwarded the specimen to the chemist Macquer, who recognised it immediately as Kao-lin. Madame Darnet, like many other benefactors of her race, made nothing by her discovery; and in 1825, old and in utter misery, applied to M. Brongniart, director of the manufactory of Sèvres, for the means of returning on foot to St. Yrieix, when the poor woman was granted a pension.

After this discovery, both hard and soft porcelain continued to be made at Sèvres until 1804. The *pâte tendre* was remarkable for its creamy and pearly softness of colour, the beauty of its painting, and its depth of glaze; and, for some time, the artists experienced great difficulty in managing their colours, so as to obtain the same effect upon a more compact and less absorbent material. Strangely enough, the manufactory of Sèvres, an intensely royal institution, not only escaped ruin under the revolution, but was warmly supported by the Directory, who appointed three commissioners to rule it, until, in 1800, the first consul appointed the celebrated M. Brongniart sole director. Under the management of this great master of the ceramic art were produced the superb presents of Sèvres porcelain, which Napoleon was fond of bestowing on his relatives. On one occasion he sent a vase, worth twelve thousand pounds, to the King of

Etruria. It was found necessary to fix up the vase in the king's grand saloon; and for this purpose twelve workmen were employed. When they had completed the job, one of the chamberlains asked the king what he should give them? "Nothing at all," replied his majesty, "it is a present sent me by the first consul." "Yes, sire; but it is usual to give something to those who bring a present." "That is purchasing and not accepting. However, since it is the custom in France, I must conform to it; and, besides, a king ought to encourage the fine arts. Let them have five shillings a-piece!"

Sèvres porcelain for domestic use had generally a plain ground, painted with flowers either detached or in wreaths; but the pieces intended for state occasions were designed with great care, both as to form and colour.

The hues peculiar to the best period of Sèvres were *gros-bleu*, a dark, heavy Oxford blue; *bleu de roi*, a little brighter, but still a deep, rich colour; *turquoise blue*; *violet*; a beautiful yellow, called *jonquille*; various greens (*vert pomme*, or *vert jaune*, *vert pré*, or *vert Anglais*); *rouge de fer*; and the lovely rose pink, incorrectly called *Rose Dubarry* in this country. It is known in France as *Rose Pompadour*. Pink was the favourite colour of Madame de Pompadour, during whose time the finest specimens of rose-grounded porcelain were produced. Between 1757 and 1764, very skilful artists, among whom was the celebrated Boucher, were employed in painting the highest-class porcelain.

Although destitute of the artistic sense of her predecessor, Madame Dubarry was yet very fond of porcelain, and spent large sums on choice pieces to present to her friends. She writes: "I presented her (Madame de Mirepoix) with a complete service of Sèvres porcelain, with a breakfast set in landscape, blue and gold. I moreover gave her two blue porcelain cats, as fine as those on the mantelpiece in my little drawing-room. They had cost me two thousand eight hundred francs." These famous cats formed part of the bribe paid to Madame de Mirepoix for presenting Madame Dubarry at court. They were of old turquoise *céladon*, with head draperies of *ormolu*, bearing candelabras of the same, for four lights each, upon their backs. The ears were pierced, and diamonds to the value of one hundred and fifty thousand francs suspended from them.

Various marks have been used from

time to time at the, by turns, Royal, Republican, and Imperial manufactory at Sèvres. From 1753 to 1792, the glorious period of *pâte tendre*, the mark consisted of two blue interlaced italic L's, containing within them one or two letters of the alphabet which indicate the date. Thus A is the first year, B the second, Q, or the comet, 1769, and Z expresses 1777, the last of the first series. After this date the letters were doubled: thus, AA signifies 1778, and RR closes the series in 1795. During the Republic the mark was made in blue, green, or red, and the practice of dating the ware fell into disuse. From 1793 to about 1798 or 1800 the Republican monogram RF was placed above the word Sèvres; but between 1800 and 1803 the RF was omitted and the word Sèvres employed alone. The Consular period is indicated by M. Nle. (Manufacture Nationale) above the word Sèvres generally stencilled in red. From 1804 to 1809, during the first Imperial period, the mark was simply M. Imple. de Sèvres, also stencilled in red; but from 1809 to 1814 the Imperial Eagle, painted in red, was introduced, around which were the words at full length, "Manufacture Imperiale," and "SÈVRES" in capitals. When the Bourbons returned, the ancient mark of the two interlaced L's was revived and printed in blue. Inside the letters are a fleur-de-lys, the word Sèvres in capitals, and the last two figures of the year AD, for example, twenty-one for 1821. Under Charles the Tenth various marks were used—interlaced C's with crown or fleur-de-lys, sometimes with the words "DECORÉ À SÈVRES" in capitals. At the end of the year 1830, just after the revolution of July, the C's and crowns fade out, and there remains but a fleur-de-lys over the word Sèvres and the numerals 30.

Under Louis Philippe the interlaced triangles with Sèvres and the date in a medallion, were used for three years; but in 1834 the initials of the king, interlaced under a crown with Sèvres and the date in a medallion, were employed. Stern simplicity came in with the Republic of 1848, and Sèvres went back to RF. S 51 in a medallion, a mark improved under the empire first into an Eagle with S on one side, and 52, or whatever the date might be, on the other, and then into the hideous great N topped by an imperial crown and supported by S and the date.

In addition to the marks of the manufactory the artists themselves often signed

their work, but the catalogue of painters on *pâte tendre* would prove too long for our present purpose.

Long before the hard paste was introduced at Sèvres, it had, thanks to the hair powder discovery previously referred to, been made at Meissen, in Saxony, under the patronage of Augustus the Second, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland. So early as 1715, Böttcher succeeded in making a singularly fine and perfect white porcelain. Early attempts to paint upon this white body were very imperfect, and were confined to a blue colour, under the glaze, or imitations of Oriental china. Under Höroldt's direction, in 1720, a higher style of painting, accompanied by gilding, and medallions of Chinese figures and flowers, was introduced, and some very good work was produced. In 1731, Kändler, a sculptor by profession, superintended the modelling, and continued till 1763. During his direction the masterpieces of Dresden china were produced. He introduced those wreaths and bouquets of flowers, in relief, for which Dresden, of the best period, is particularly remarkable; and modelled animals and groups of figures with great success. Exquisitely beautiful paintings were also executed by Lindener. Many of these are copies in miniature of the best pictures of the Flemish School, and others are exquisitely executed birds, flowers, and insects. The Porcelain figures, clock cases, and snuff boxes, made at Dresden, are highly prized, as are also the modelled flowers and butterflies, and the "Lace" figures. The "Honeycomb" and "Mayflower" vases, the first of which was copied from a fine Oriental vase in the Japan Palace at Dresden, were also greatly admired and extensively copied at Chelsea. The first mark used at Dresden appears to have been a monogram of "AR," signifying Augustus Rex. This was used till 1712, when the caduceus came into vogue—lasting till 1720, after which date the well-known crossed swords—the arms of the Elector as Arch Marshal of the empire—were employed as a mark, in blue, under the glaze. On pieces of the time of Augustus III., from 1733 to 1763, the palmy time of Meissen, are found the letters "K.P.M." sometimes alone and sometimes surmounting the crossed swords.

Another famous porcelain is that made at the works at Capo di Monte, founded in 1736 by Charles III., King of Naples. It is claimed as an outcome of native genius, but

was more probably simply introduced from Meissen by Queen Amelia of Saxony, consort of Charles III. Be this as it may, Capo di Monte has a distinctive style of its own, differing widely from either Sèvres or Dresden. Its character is peculiar. Shells and coral, the sea fruit of the Mediterranean, are moulded in high relief, and adorned with finely modelled figures. For thinness and transparency the paste equals Oriental eggshell, and the beautiful forms of the Capo di Monte ware are charming in their infinite variety. This curious porcelain is now very rare, but reproductions in coarser and more opaque paste are scattered broadcast over Europe. The early mark is a very badly and clumsily formed fleur de lys, roughly painted in blue. The second and better period is indicated by a crown over an "n" or "N" in red or blue. In the hard paste period the Capo di Monte ware bears the crown, and a monogram of "RF" for Rex Ferdinandus.

England was far from keeping pace with continental countries in the production of pottery; indeed, a coarse kind of pottery covered with a lead glaze, often of a dark dull green colour, appears to have supplied the wants of our ancestors down to a comparatively recent period. Red, brown, and mottled ware was also made in large quantities, in the district of Staffordshire known as the Potteries, and sold by pedlars all over the country. The manufacture of butter-pots was important enough to induce special legislation, and in 1661 the potters of Burslem were compelled by Act of Parliament to make their pots of such a size as to hold fourteen pounds of butter, and so hard as not to imbibe moisture, by which the butter might appear of greater weight than was actually sold. Towards the end of the seventeenth century the salt glaze was introduced, and quickly superseded that produced by sulphide of lead. The new glaze was said to have been discovered by accident; but, as it had long been in use in Germany, it was more probably imported than invented. In 1688 the two brothers Elers accompanied the Prince of Orange to England, and, having settled in Staffordshire, made a fine red ware by using the soft red iron ore or hematite of Lancashire, and also produced a fine black body—said to have been the precursor of Wedgwood's famous Egyptian ware—from a mixture of clay and ironstone. Great secrecy was preserved in every detail of manufacture. It was said that an idiot was employed to

turn the throwers' wheel, and that it was by feigning idiocy, and thus obtaining employment, that Mr. Astbury learned their secrets and began to make red ware on his own account. Disgusted at competition, the Elers discontinued their works and removed to London.

Astbury next produced a white stone ware, and various improvements were made up to the time of Josiah Wedgwood, who produced the Queen's ware and the famous Egyptian and Jasper wares. The exquisite cameos, vases, and medallions made by Wedgwood are too well known to need any particular description in this place. Most of his work is marked with his name in full, or thus, "Wedgwood and Bentley," sometimes followed by "Etruria."

While the manufacture of pottery was being carried to perfection in Staffordshire, London made great advances in porcelain. A species of transparent earthenware had been discovered as early as 1671 by John Dwight of Oxford, who set up manufactories at Fulham, which remained in operation till the middle of the last century. Specimens of early Fulham ware are scarce, and not unfrequently of doubtful authenticity. About 1730 the celebrated works at Stratford-le-Bow were established, and in 1744 a sample of china clay was brought to this country from America. It was introduced at Bow, and a patent was taken out for producing a porcelain from an "earth, the produce of the Cherokee nation in America, called by the natives 'unaker'." Mixed with other ingredients, this "unaker," a more or less pure kind of Kao-lin, produced the now eagerly sought for "Bow china." The manufactory was called New Canton, and after making much pure white porcelain, turned out the highly-prized "Bee" jugs, so called on account of a bee being embossed or painted either on the handle or under the spout. The peculiar position of the bee exposed him to great risk of being broken off, and a perfect specimen is therefore esteemed a peculiar treasure. Doubt has recently been thrown upon the authenticity of the Bee jugs as Bow china—specimens having been found with the word Chelsea and the triangle mark upon them. Figures as well as tea-sets are said to have been made at Bow, and these in many cases represented living persons: Quin as Falstaff; Garrick as Richard; Frederic, Duke of Cumberland, striding triumphantly over the Pretender; John Wilkes, &c.; but these statuettes in

pure white china are attributed by other authorities to Chelsea. An O impaled by an arrow is supposed on good authority to have been the Bow mark; but so much confusion exists between Bow and Early Chelsea ware, that the subject is over brittle and slippery withal to dogmatise upon.

The famous Chelsea works are said to have been founded by Francis, first Earl and Marquis of Hertford, who brought over workmen from Dresden with some of the Saxon clay, and set them up at Chelsea in the place since called Cheyne Walk. It would appear, however, that the manufactory was in full operation at least as early as 1745, and it is probable that it was originally started in 1730 by the Elers on their retreat from Staffordshire. In the "forty-five" the Chelsea work had undoubtedly attained great perfection, as a company, which, at that time, desired the exclusive privilege of establishing a porcelain manufactory at Vincennes (afterwards that of Sèvres) urged the necessity of competing with the "new establishment just formed in England of a manufacture of porcelain, which appears more beautiful than that of Saxony by the nature of its composition, and which would occasion considerable sums going out of the country, unless they succeeded in producing in the kingdom what would have been sought at great cost abroad." The best Chelsea ware was produced between 1750 and 1765, "Butcher Cumberland," being the patron of the establishment. His death and the retirement of Spremont, added to the hostility of other manufacturers, caused the Chelsea works to be broken up. In 1769 the works were purchased by Duesbury, of Derby, who carried on the two manufactories simultaneously until 1784, when Chelsea was finally abandoned, and the workmen and models transferred to Derby.

The early forms of "old Chelsea" are very much after the style of the French porcelain of that period, but the later productions are after the best German models—the vases, dishes, figures, flowers, and branches being considered by learned china-maniacs equal in execution to Dresden. A coating of vitreous glaze of unusual thickness covers the Chelsea ware, and is remarkable for its inequalities. In some cases it would seem that a mass of glaze had been applied, and the cup spun around to throw off what was superfluous. To some such method appears referable the presence of the "Chelsea spiral," well-

known to connoisseurs. The colours are very fine and bright. The "bleu de roi," apple green, and turquoise, nearly approach the best specimens of Sèvres, and the famous claret colour is a hue peculiar to Chelsea. There is another special quality in Chelsea-ware. It will not, like the *pâte tendre* of Sèvres, bear any fresh exposure to the heat of the furnace without splitting and cracking, so that it cannot be repainted and doctored like its French rival.

In the early days of Chelsea, painting on porcelain seems to have been an unremunerative art. We are told that Francis Paul Ferg, a German, whose prints are in request, left Vienna in 1718, went to Dresden, and passed thence over to England, where he painted porcelain admirably with subjects resembling those of Berghem and Wouvermans; but falling into poverty, was at last found dead at the door of his lodgings, exhausted by cold, want, and misery. Nollekens's father worked for Chelsea to better purpose, and Sir James Thornhill deigned to design for the same establishment, while the finest landscapes were by the pencil of Beaumont. Birds and insects, which are represented in great perfection, were generally designed by foreign artists.

Chelsea china has, like Sèvres, always been costly. Horace Walpole's pair of cups of "claret ground, enriched with figures in gold," were sold for twenty-five guineas to Mr. Beckford. More recently, at the Angerstein, Bernal, and Cadogan sales, old Chelsea fetched extravagant prices—the vases ranging from one hundred to two hundred and fifty guineas, and plates fetching ten pounds a piece. At the sale of the Marryat collection startling prices were obtained; a butter-boat sold for eighteen pounds ten shillings, a chocolate cup and saucer for fifty guineas, and a coffee-cup and saucer, "bleu de roi, with fruits and birds," for twenty-four pounds ten shillings.

With the exception of the disputed Bow triangle, there is no doubt or confusion about the Chelsea marks. The earliest is an embossed oval, on which is an anchor in relief, without colour. An upright cross, with the anchor, is also an early mark. Subsequently, the anchor alone was used, painted in gold or in red, and later again in red or in purple, according to the quality of the specimen.

The finest specimens are marked with the golden anchor. Three dirty spots, without glazing, are found at the bottom

of each piece, caused by the clumsy tripod on which it was placed in the furnace.

For nearly twenty years preceding the purchase of the Chelsea works and their transfer to Derby, the manufacture of porcelain had been vigorously pursued at the latter place by Mr. Duesbury, who had succeeded in bringing the "gold and blue" to great perfection. Dr. Johnson, who, among other curious fancies, thought that he could improve the manufacture of porcelain, after pestering the Chelsea people with absurd suggestions, which they appear to have endured with extraordinary patience, went down to Derby, and remarked that "the china was beautiful, but it was too dear, for that he could have vessels of silver of the same size as cheap as what was made here of porcelain"—an observation which almost justifies John Stuart Mill's contemptuous estimate of the overrated doctor.

Duesbury, by the purchase of the Chelsea and Bow works, had become by far the greatest manufacturer in the kingdom; and ultimately abandoning the London works altogether, as we have already seen, made porcelain only at Derby, and leased premises (late the Castle Tavern) in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, for the exhibition of his wares. He carried on an exceedingly fashionable and lucrative trade, and the Derby works, under his management and that of his son, were the most successful and best conducted establishment of the kind in the kingdom. Duesbury the younger dying in 1798, the business fell into the hands of Mr. Reeve, who married his widow. In 1815 a Mr. Robert Bloor purchased the business, and departed from the traditions of the Duesburys. It had been their constant plan, in order to keep up the high character of their works, to allow none but perfect goods to leave the premises. When Bloor took the business, he found that the stock of seconds goods had increased to an enormous extent, and, having to pay the purchase-money by instalments, he found the shortest way of doing so was to finish up these goods, take them to different large towns, and there sell them by auction. This policy destroyed the character of the ware, the works rapidly declined, and were closed in 1848, when the workmen mostly emigrated to Worcester.

Derby porcelain is remarkable for its transparency, and is characterised by a beautiful bright blue, usually introduced on the border or edge of the tea-services.

The finished porcelain figures made at this manufactory are not equal to those of Chelsea; but white biscuit groups of pastoral figures were produced, rivalling those of Sèvres. The secret of making the Derby Biscuit appears to have been lost; but the modern "Parian" has sprung from it, and was produced by a Derby man, the late Mr. Battam. Among the painters employed were Bowman (qy. Beaumont) of Chelsea, and then of Derby, Hill, Brewer, and the celebrated but erratic Billingsly. Printing on china was introduced at Derby about 1764, but the process found little favour with the Duesburys, who preferred hand-work in all their goods.

The earliest Derby mark is a simple italic *D*. After the junction with Chelsea, the *D* was crossed by the Chelsea anchor, running into it from left to right. After the first order given by George the Third, the crown Derby mark was adopted. This consisted of a crown above a St. Andrew's Cross, with three dots in each side angle, below which is the capital *D*. This mark was used from 1780 to 1830. Sometimes, but rarely, the cross is omitted, and only the crown and letter used. These marks are usually in red, but occasionally in blue.

Hard porcelain was first made in England by William Cookworthy. Having discovered the china clay and china stone in Cornwall, he, in conjunction with Lord Camelford, established, in 1738, at Coxside, Plymouth, works for making porcelain according to his patent. For the decoration of his work Cookworthy engaged a Sèvres artist, one Monsieur Soqui; and the celebrated Henry Bone, the enameller, is said to have been an apprentice at Plymouth. Blue and white porcelain was produced in large quantities till 1774, when the patent rights were assigned to Mr. Richard Champion, a merchant of Bristol, and the works were removed thither. Excessively interesting, as the first English make of hard porcelain, specimens of undoubted Plymouth have become extremely rare. When a mark was used it was the alchemic symbol for tin (Jupiter), a roughly drawn number 4 with a curl at the top of the first down-stroke.

After establishing his works at Bristol, Champion succeeded—despite the opposition of Josiah Wedgwood and other Staffordshire makers—in obtaining an extension of Cookworthy's patent; but before long, sold his rights to a company of potters in Staffordshire, where the

manufacture was carried on for a while under his superintendence. Old Bristol porcelain is more curious than beautiful, but is yet highly esteemed by many collectors. The mark is a simple cross in blue or slate-colour.

Concurrently with the general advancement of china manufacture in England, works were established at Worcester by a company, who carried on their operations in a fine old mansion called Warmstry House, once the residence of the Windsor family and the Earls of Plymouth. After a while the company was bought out by Flight and Barr; the two brothers, Robert and Humphrey Chamberlain, commencing business on their own account—a business successfully carried on till 1840, when, after a long period of rivalry, the two establishments coalesced. Under the auspices of Dr. Wall the process of transferring printed engravings to a glazed surface was adopted, and this art was applied to the decoration of early Worcester porcelain. Some of these are the delicate productions of Robert Hancock, whilome employed at the Battersea enamel works, where transfer printing is said to have been introduced. Proceeding from imitations of oriental porcelain, the Worcester works gradually advanced to the production of magnificent cups, dishes, and vases in the richest style of ceramic art. In the early time a curious chequermark was used, an evident imitation of a Japanese mark. Later on, the crescent was adopted; and, finally, the name or monogram of the firm was invariably employed.

On the estate of Charles, Marquis of Rockingham, near Rotherham in Yorkshire, were established the famous Rockingham Works, at which were produced some of the finest specimens of porcelain made in this country. Gilding was profusely employed, and the richest colours were skilfully managed. The works were during the best period in the hands of the Brameld family, and are mostly marked with their name, with or without the addition of "Rockingham."

In presenting this slight sketch of the history and marks of the most important ceramic centres of Europe, we have endeavoured less to protect the readers of *ALL THE YEAR ROUND* from imposition, than to indicate the salient features of the great schools. To confirmed chinamanias we can teach nothing—they are too far gone for counsel or remonstrance; but to those about to undertake a difficult and brittle

path, it may be well to indicate that crockery, like many other things, requires an education, which can be best obtained by studying—for Majolica, the South Kensington Museum; for Sèvres, the superb collection liberally lent to the branch establishment at Bethnal Green by Sir Richard Wallace; and for a course of English pottery and porcelain, the admirably arranged series at the Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn Street, collected by the late Sir Henry de la Beche, Mr. Trenham Reeks, and Mr. F. W. Rudler, whose catalogue is an admirable introduction to the study of ceramics. In the British Museum may be found a splendid series of the pottery of all countries—Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Oriental, Mexican, Peruvian, and European. These collections should be carefully studied by the would-be ceramic critic by day, while his nights should be consumed in poring over the delightful works of Marryat, Chaffers, Drury Fortnum, and Jacquemart, the latter of whom has been ably done into English by Mrs. Bury Palliser.

THE VOYAGE OF A WATER POET.

JOHN TAYLOR, the Water Poet, had a special aptitude for the concoction of queer titles for his poems and essays. Nothing was too quaint or out of the way for him; and he carried his quaintness into the language of the poems and essays themselves. A little discontented, very satirical and ironical, he had, nevertheless, much soundness of heart about him, and gave praise with right good will where he thought praise was deserved. One of his characteristic productions is a poem called *A Water Poet's Very Merry Wherry Ferry Voyage*; more exactly, *A Very Merrie Wherrie Ferry Voyage: or York for my Money*. There is no question that the voyage took place in one of the closing years of the reign of James the First; and the narrative is really full of instruction on matters relating to topography, seafaring life, and the habits and usages of those days.

The sauciness of his dedication gives a key-note to the whole poem: "As much happiness as may be wished attend the two hopefull Impes of Gentility, Mr. Richard and George Hatton:—

You forward payre, in towardly designes,
To you I send these sows'd salt-water lines;
Accept, reade, laugh, and turn to 't againe,
And still my Muse and I shall yours remain.

JOHN TAYLOR."

Then comes the prologue :—

I now intend a voyage here to write
From London unto Yorke; helpe to indite,
Great Neptune, lend thy ayde to me who past
Through thy tempestuous waves with many a blast;
And then I'll true describe the Townes and Men
And manners as I went and came agen.

The mode of giving the exact date of
the commencement of his expedition is
notably minute and elaborate :—

The yeere which I doe call as others doe
Full 1600, adding twenty-two;
The month of July, that's for ever fam'd
(Because 'twas so by Julius Caesar nam'd),
Just when six dayes, and to each daye a night,
The dogged dog-dayes had began to bite;
On that day which both blest remembrance bring,
The name of our Apostle and our King;
On that remarkable good day, Saint James,
I undertooke my voyage downe the Thames.

Although he calls his craft a wherry,
it is evident that it must have had sail-
ing powers of some sort; still, it was an
open boat, without deck or cabin, and pro-
pelled chiefly by oars. He tells us that it
was four years old; and that he supplied
it with sails, anchor, cable, sculls, oars,
compass, charts, lanthorn, tinder-box,
matches, bread, meat, beer, and wine. In
short, his picture was a very cheery one :—

Wel man'd, wel ship'd, wel victual'd, wel appoynted,
Wel in good health, wel timber'd, and wel joynted.

They pulled down to Gravesend, where
they passed the night. It was too prosy
for him to say that he started next morn-
ing with an ebb-tide; and, therefore, he
stated the fact more fancifully, thus :—

Old Neptune had his daughter Thames supplide
With ample measure of a flowing tide;
But Thames supposed it was but borrowed goods,
And with her Ebbes paid Neptune back his Floods.

They anchored at low water near Leigh,
and went past Shoebury, Wakering, Foul-
ness, and Tittingham, towards the Naze,
where the wind freshened, and "a stiffe
Eolus with Neptune went to cusses, with
huffes and puffs, and angry counter-buffes;
tost like a cockle upon the mounting maine,
up with a whiffe and straightway down
again." They arrived about sunset at Har-
wich, where they passed the night. Taylor
appears to have been more impressed with
the loquaciousness of his landlady than
with anything else in that town :—

There did I finde an Hostesse with a Tongue
As nimble as it had on gimmoles hung;
'Twill never tyre, though continuall toyl'd,
And must as yare as if it had been oyl'd;
All's one for that, for ought which I perceive,
It is a fault which all our mothers have,
And is so firmly grafted in the sex
That he's an Asse that seemes thereat to vex.

Re-embarking next morning, the Water

Poet and his men pulled and sailed past
Bardsey Haven, Orford Ness, Aldborough,
and Lowestoft to Yarmouth—a tolerably
good day's work. Helodged that night with
one William Richardson, heard a learned
sermon in the church on Sunday, and kept
clear of questionable company: "acquaint-
ance in the town I scarce had any, and
sought for none, lest I should find too
many." He has a good word to say for
Yarmouth itself, which he describes as :—

A Towne well fortifide,
Well govern'd, with all Nature's wants supplide;
The situation in a wholesome ayre,
The buildings (for the most part) sumptuous faire,
The people content and industrious, and
With labour makes the sea enrich the land.

Starting from Yarmouth on Monday
morning, they passed by Caistor Castle,
and encountered a stiff breeze on nearing
the northern part of the Norfolk coast.
The nature of an east wind on such a
coast is well told :—

Thus on a lee shore darknesse 'gan to come,
The sea grew high, the winds 'gan hisse and hum,
The foaming curly waves the shore did beate,
As if the ocean would all Norfolk eate.

With great difficulty they pulled ashore at
Cromer, and there an unexpected adventu-
re befel them. Those were days when
pirates and rovers took great liberties with
seaside towns, in many parts of the world;
and although England was not much sub-
ject to such visitations, the quiet Cromer
folk did not know what to make of the
strangers. The women and children ran
up into the town, crying out that doubtful
men had landed :—

Some sayd that we were Pyrates, some sayd Thieves,
And what the women say, the men believes.

Down came the constables, some watching
Taylor, some his men, some the boat.
When examined, he told a plain tale, and
showed the contents of his trunk. But,
no; a foregone conclusion blinded them to
clear evidence :—

Had the twelve Apostles sure been there
My witnesses, I had been ne'er the neere;
And let me use all oathes that I could use,
They still were harder of belief than Jewes.

Rumour brought many country people to
Cromer; and the house where he lodged
for the night was beset with sight-seers,
eager to see the strange man :—

Had mine Host took pence a piece of those
Who came to gaze on me, I doe suppose
No Jack-an-Apes, Baboone, or Crocodile
E'er got more Money in so small a while.
Besides, the Pesants did this one thing more,
They call'd and dranke four shillings to my score;
And like unmanner'd Mongrells, went their way,
Not spending ought, but leaving me to pay.

Meanwhile, a number of rough fellows seriously injured the boat. He expostulated on the absurdity of suspecting five unarmed men, in an open boat, with no weapon of offence or defence, save an old sword ("so rusty with saltwater, that it had need of a quarter's notice to come out") and two tobacco pipes. He anxiously attempted to depart in the morning; but then learned that a messenger had been sent to Norwich during the night, to acquaint the magistrates with the doings of the mysterious strangers. Sir Austin Palgrave and Mr. Robert Kempe went over to Cromer in the morning. Having a fair share of good sense and of gentlemanly feeling, they soon gave credence to the declaration that the leader of the boat party was John Taylor, the Water Poet, whose previous writings were, in some degree, familiar to them. They made the amende honorable, treated Taylor and his men kindly, caused the boat to be repaired, and gave them a store of corn, rice, and sugar. Taylor, though often sarcastic, bore no malice; he gave a parting fling at the scared constables, who

Were born when Wit was out of Towne,
And therefore got but little of their owne,

and expressed a few really kind thoughts for Cromer itself:—

It is an ancient Market Town that stands
Upon a lofty Cliffe of moldering Sands;
The Sea against the Cliffe doth daily beate,
And every Tyde into the land doth eate.

The parish church was in peril, and the townsmen were too poor to provide for its safety:—

If the sea shall swallow't, as some feare,
'Tis not ten thousand pounds the like could reare;
No Christian can behold it but with griefe,
And with my heart I wish them quicke reliefe.

Pulling away from Cromer, they got to Blakeney, passed one night there, and coasted along by Wells to the Wash, where they encountered the singular inrush of tide called the eagre or aigre—very intelligently described by Taylor. They arrived at Boston, in Lincolnshire, on the further side of the Wash, and passed a night there. Next day he was informed that inland water communication existed all the way from Boston to York, by some of the Lincolnshire dykes or cuts, and the rivers Trent, Humber, and Ouse. Willing to take leave of the sea for awhile, he adopted this inland route. He well describes the Forcedyke, an eight-mile straight cut into the Trent, with little in it but mud and reeds; his men waded for

nine hours through this wretched stuff, pulling the boat after them; and they reached the Trent near Gainsborough, "moyl'd, toyl'd, myr'd, and tyr'd." Well needing their night's rest at that town, they pushed on again next day down the Trent into the Humber, and landed at Kingston-upon-Hull. Speaking of that busy and flourishing town, which in those days was well fortified, he describes the water-supply, which seems to have been far more complete than that of London in those times:—

Some ten years since, fresh water there was scant,
But with much cost they have supplied that want,
By a most ex'lent Water Worke that's made,
And to the Towne in Pipes it is convey'd,
Wrought with great Artificial Engines, and
Perform'd by th' art of the Industrious hand
Of Mr. William Maultby, Gentleman;
So that each man of note there alwayes can
But turn a Cocke within his House, and still
They have fresh water alwayes at their will.
This have they all unto their great content,
For which they each doe paye a weekele rent.

A house-to-house supply, paid for by a water rate, is very much like a prime feature in modern civilisation. Nor is this the only point mentioned in regard to the good management of Hull; the sick, the poor, the helpless, the idle were well looked after:—

The Towne's Charity doth much appeare;
They for the Poore have so provided there,
That if a Man shoulde walke from Morn till Night,
He shall not see a Beggar, nor a Mite
Nor anything shall be demanded ever,
But every one thus doth his best endeavor
To make the Idle worke, and to relieve
Those that are old and past, or Sicknesse grieve;
All poore Men's Children have a House most fit
Wherein they Sowe, and Spin, and Card and Knit;
Where all of them have something still to do,
As their Capacities will reach unto;
So that no Idle Person, Old or Young,
Within the Towne doth harbour or belonge.

The vicious and the incorrigibly lazy were not allowed to roam at large:—

They have a Bridewell, and an ex'lent skill
To make some people worke against their wille;
And these they have their lodging and their meat,
Clean Whips, and everything exceeding neat;
And thus with fayre or foul measures alway, they
Give Idle Persons little time to play.

Taylor was very kindly and hospitably treated, and expresses his thanks right heartily:—

Thanks, Mr. Maire, for the Bacon Gammon;
Thanks, Roger Parker, for the small fresh Sammon.
'Twas ex'lent good, and more the truth to tell ye,
Boil'd with a fine Plum Pudding in the Belly.

Do our gastronomists and culinary artists know anything of this—a plum pudding boiled inside a salmon? To us it comes as a novelty—especially as the boiling of the one is usually measured by hours, that of the other by minutes.

Taking leave of the good old town of Kingston-upon-Hull, the Water Poet and his men rowed up the Humber, and entered the mouth of the Ouse. When they reached Cawood, they landed, in order to pay their respects to the Archbishop of York, of whom Taylor speaks in terms of deep reverence, as—

That watchful Shepheard, that with care doth keepe
Th' infernall Wolfe from Heaven's supernall sheepe;
The painefull Preacher, that most free alms-giver,
That though he live long, is too short a liver.

The Water Poet dined at his Grace's table, while, as to his companions, "the Crue i' th' Hall were filled with cheare." He thought it would be a suitable compliment to present his little craft, at the termination of her eventful voyage, to the Mayor of York. "I thought it our duty," he says in a note, "seeing we had come a dangerous voyage, to offer our Boate to the chiefe Magistrate. For why should not my Boat be as good a Monument as Tom Coryat's everlasting, overtramping, land-conquering Shooes? thought I." This last allusion is to a contemporary of Taylor, as quaint and original as himself, who made long journeys on foot, and preserved his old shoes as a memento of his achievements. The Mayor of York did not strike our hero as a man of much liberality; Taylor offered to him—

In red gilded leather,
A well bound Booke of all my Workes together.

His worship the mayor declined the boat, accepted the book, but presented nothing in exchange. Whereupon the Water Poet sold the boat to Mr. Ex-Sheriff Kayes, mine host of the George inn. He tells us, among other facts a little more accurately treated, that the city of York dates its foundation from a period little less than a thousand years more remote than the birth of Christ.

His voyage from London to York was done; he did not return by the same route, but made a land journey along the great north road—a road which we should now regard as a very queer one, but which was of great note in his days:—

So farewell Yorke, the tenth of August then,
Away came I for London with my men,
To dinner I to Pomfret quickly rode,
Where good hot Venison staid for my abode;
I thanke the worshipfulle George Shillito,
He fill'd my men and me, and let us goe.

After moralising on the murder of Richard the Second, at Pontefract Castle, he tells us that he went on and on by way of Doncaster, Newark, and Stamford to London, where—

Friends and neighbours all with loving hearts,
Did welcome me with pottles, pintes, and quartes.

Thus ends his remarkable narrative, extending to eight hundred and fifty lines, winding up with an Epilogue:—

Thus have I brought to end a Worke of Paine
I wish it may requite me with some Gaine,
For well I wote, the dangers which I ventured
No full-bag'd man would ever durst have entered;
But having further shores for to discover
Hereafter, now my pen doth here give over.

The reader will not be slow to admit that there is much curious information, of an out-of-the-way kind, to be picked up from this Very Merry Wherry Ferry Voyage of John Taylor the Water Poet.

MARIGOLD.

A ROMANCE IN AN OLD GARDEN.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS. CHAPTER III.

WHEN Marigold put her basket on her head the next morning, and took her way towards Ballyspinnen, the world had a new aspect for her. The sunshine filtered down as usual through dingy haze, and shed a wistful glory over the busy town; the sullyng smoke from tall chimneys floated upwards, and tarnished the delicate lustre of silvery-golden clouds; and, as usual, the one, strange to see, did not hurt, but rather intensified, the beauty of the other. This morning the lowering smoke looked to Marigold more thoroughly than ever interpenetrated with light, and the glory above the horizon blazed upon her with a more solemn and tender expression. A spiritual ray shone in her own eyes, as they met and received the brightness; for her life had passed into a phase that was perfectly new, and the spirit of fortitude was upon her. Ulick was gone—it might be for ever; the probabilities of life would do much to keep them apart—yet she would suffer and be patient, that it might be well with him among the shadows of that impenetrable distance which shut him out from her sight. She had now no interest in the town whither she directed her steps; no one dwelt there especially loving or beloved. It was a lonely place, with clouds of trouble struggling ever into the light; and towards the benignity of that overhanging light her own chastened thoughts were attracted. She did her work in the town with her usual care and success; her fingers, which seemed made for weaving garlands, and creating beauty by their touch, left glowing tracks of colour behind them as she passed from house to house. A

favourite among the ladies who knew her, if not among the Lizzies of her acquaintance, she drew the sympathies of gentlewomen towards her by the simplicity and refinement of her nature, the picturesqueness of her appearance and calling, no less than by the interest which attached to her history. On this particular morning she had to wait upon the wife of Ulick's employer, a motherly woman, with grown-up daughters of her own, who had known of Marigold's intended marriage, though she had never yet spoken to her on the subject. When this good lady saw the flower-girl's golden head coming in between the cactus flowers at her conservatory door, she felt troubled at heart, having heard from her husband of Ulick's sudden departure from the country.

"I hardly expected to see you to-day," said Mrs. Flaxman, startled into forgetting her ordinary reserve.

"Why?" asked Marigold, with open eyes fixed upon her.

"Why," hesitated the lady, "because you have lost your friend."

Marigold, startled in her turn, blushed, and became pale again. She had never imagined that the great lady had known anything of her engagement, or would be likely to consider her present state of mind.

"I have not lost him," said Marigold, "except for a little while. He will come back again;" she could not bring herself to add, "or I will go to him."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Flaxman. "I am glad to hear that. He gave up his situation very suddenly, and did not say anything about returning. I am sorry that the situation will have to be filled up; if he had spoken of coming back it might have been kept for him. That he was highly thought of in the office, I know; and Mr. Flaxman was vexed and disappointed at losing him. But, of course, if he is coming back——"

The lady looked aside at Marigold, who was steadily arranging her pots with a serene look on her face, which was only a little paler than usual. She pitied the girl from her heart, not believing in the least about Ulick's return. Marigold felt the look and tone, and took the meaning of them away with her as an earnest of many others more difficult to endure, which would certainly try her patience as the time went along. And all that day there was nothing before her thoughts but the idea of the dreary ocean which lay between her and her friend.

"Ulick gone!" cried Peter Lally, drop-

ping his pipe, and smashing it on the gravel walk. "Gone out o' the country without so much as sayin' good-bye to an ould friend! What took him to England, my girl, without you? What took him to England, where he has neither kith nor kin?"

"He knows his own business, Peter Lally, and I know mine," said Marigold; "and mine just at present is to see that he is not wronged."

Peter looked at her pityingly, and shook his head.

"I don't fault you for standin' up for him," he said; "an' Heaven grant it may turn out the way you expect. It's true we never saw anything in the boy that wasn't fair an' square."

"One would think you had seen a great deal in him that was bad and dishonest, to speak of him now with such black, black doubt in your face!" said Marigold, smothering a sob, and holding her head very high. The opinions of the world she could despise, but Peter's distrust cut her to the heart.

Peter pushed back his hat, and rubbed his grisly head.

"Three, four, five years," he counted on his fingers, "I have known every turn of him, an' never seen a crooked one. The temptation of the world is before him, it's true, and it's hard to think what call he had to get up on a sudden, an' run out o' the place he was doin' well in. But still an' withal the nature's in him, an' you're right to believe in him, an' I'll help you at that. Shake hands on it, little girl. You an' me'll defend him agin the world!"

Marigold grasped his horny hand, and four eyes were very dim for a few minutes afterwards.

After that, the light or bitter words of gossip fell as fast and thick about Marigold's head, as the yellow leaves that drifted down upon her from the fading autumnal trees, while she came and went about Hildebrand Towers. No one passed her in the street; or on the road, without a word about Ulick's bad conduct; every one was surprised to see her bearing it so well. People were glad to find she had so much spirit, but concluded she must always have known that she was not a proper wife for so rising a young man, and that he must leave her to find his place in the world. Others had always held an indifferent opinion of him; though he had fascinated many, they had been too shrewd to be imposed upon, and the girl ought to be thankful for so good an escape. Of

these last was Poll Hackett, with whom Marigold had always been a favourite, and who was wont to relapse, from time to time, into unfavourable opinions of young men as a mass.

"Don't tell me!" she said, while Marigold and Peter and she sat on a felled tree, looking across the autumn flower-beds into the moist purple twilight of embrowned and blackened thickets. "Don't ask me to believe in the behaviour of the likes of him. Haven't I been meeting with young men ever since I came into the world? First, there was my father; he was a young man, I'm sure, at the time I was born. Then there was my brothers, side by side with me, and sweethearts galore. My own good man was a caution, I can tell you; just such another as Ulick when he married me, an' left me to travel the world for his amusement, God knows where, and may the heavens forgive him! Even after I gave up the world an' took to widow-full ways, haven't I been seein' young men risin' up and poisoning the air around me? No sooner does one set get on to a decent steady sort of age, nor the little boys stretches out, and takes their place as bad as can be."

"What would you do with them, Poll," asked Peter, "if you had your full swing at managin' the world your own way?"

"I don't rightly know," replied Poll; "though many's the time I thought about whether the world couldn't get on without them at all or not. What's the good o' them, anyway, except in war-time, when there's some use in sending them out to keep the enemy from a body's door? They're always in the way in a house, and they're never to be found when they're wanted. If young men was what they ought to be, would this place be without a master, I'd like to know? Sons was born in the family, time out o' mind, an' where are they now, I wonder? If it wasn't that they must be always bein' killed, and gettin' shot to death with guns, or crossin' the seas without navigation, an' bein' drowned—if it wasn't for sich tricks, would you an' me be the lord an' lady of Hildebrand Towers, Peter Lally, I want to ask you?"

Peter rubbed his hands, and smiled knowingly at Marigold, saying—

"She was faultin' them for being alive a bit ago, an' now she's faultin' them for bein' dead. It's a bad graft on a bad stock, Poll Hackett, woman, an' it can't thrive! They be to be here, an' they be to go, as the Lord thinks fit. An' when we have them, we'd better take all the good

we can out o' them, an' make much o't! An' don't you mind her foolish prate," he said to Marigold, as he sent her home. "Give her three days, an' she'll be round, like the weather-cock, an' singin' his praises; but don't stay too long without visitin' her, or she'll pass the turn an' be back at where you left her."

Many days necessarily passed before a letter could be expected from Ulick; and during this time the sympathising glint shot from under Peter's grey eyebrows; and the fireside company of Kate and the baby were Marigold's sole consolations.

Even Kate's fireside was hardly a sanctuary to her. Lizzie was a person not easily daunted by difficulties; and she did not fail to find an excuse for coming back to the cottage to enjoy her triumph over Ulick's departure.

"I suppose you thought you had affronted me for ever," said she to Kate, finding a chair for herself, and making herself comfortable at the fire; "and so you would, only I'm not a person who can bear to be on bad terms with anybody. I'm that forgiving that I sometimes say to myself, 'You haven't an ounce of proper pride in you!' If it wasn't that humility is the best of virtues, I couldn't have any opinion o' myself at all."

"I don't bear spite myself, Lizzie," said Kate; "an' I'm glad enough to see you when you're of an agreeable turn of mind."

"If I hadn't a been just runnin' over with good-nature, I shouldn't ha' been here," said Lizzie. "Give me the baby, Kate, an' I'll nurse him a bit for you!"

"No thank you," said Kate; "he'd give you a deal of trouble, and Marigold's used to him." And she deposited the infant in Marigold's lap; this disposition of her treasure being the only punishment she condescended to inflict upon the unwelcome visitor.

Lizzie, not being a baby-loving woman, did not feel the punishment acutely, though she could appreciate the intention of the chastiser. By sundry little hitching movements, she enhanced her unencumbered enjoyment of the best seat at the fire, and proceeded to business.

"You might a' thought," she said, "that I came to have my boast over you about Ulick; but it's not in me. I never see things turnin' out before my eyes the way I said they would, but I get sorry-like for them that's took in; and a sort of modestness comes over me. You nearly threw me out o' your door, a while ago, for sayin' he was goin' away, an' leavin' them

behind that he ought to took with him; an' many's the one would come an' say to you, 'Ha, good woman, you thought you knew better nor me!' But it's not my way, and I couldn't have the heart to do it. It's what I come for to-night, to see Marigold, and to ask her how she was bearin' her trouble."

Kate reddened and frowned with wrath; but Marigold laughed gaily, tickling the baby's feet, and nodding in its face.

"Baby, baby! do you hear what nonsense she is talking? Ulick is unkind, and Marigold is breaking her heart. Tell herto go away, and look after her own lover, and leave Marigold's business alone!"

Thus was the gauntlet hurled down in earnest to Lizzie, who, it was well known, had never had a lover, her small, spiteful ways not being attractive to the sympathies of man.

"Lover or no lover," said she, "it's better be without sich rubbish, nor be made a fool of by one that goes away an' leaves you. Who bought eight yards of light grey stuff in Mill-street, the other day, to make a wedding-dress, I'd like to know?"

"Aha! Johnny! do you hear that?" chirruped Marigold. "Would she like to go and search my boxes, to see if that person was Marigold? Sit up, little baby, and ask her about it. Be civil to your visitor, little man of the house!"

"For shame with your tauntin'!" cried Kate. "No fear but you'd be at your old work before long. Ulick hasn't run away, as the likes o' you would make out, but he's gone awhile to England on business of his own. And Marigold's bound to him as fast as can be!"

"Oh, if they're married——" sneered Lizzie.

"I am no wife," said Marigold; "I will be no man's wife till he's ready to take my hand before the world. When Ulick is ready he'll know where to find me, and, in the meantime, we know our own affairs."

"I hope so," said Lizzie; "but if I was you I'd ha' made him do right by me before he put the sea between us——"

"But you're not me, you see!" cried Marigold, with another merry laugh. "Bah, Lizzie, go home! and tell your companions that Marigold is as happy as a queen, and can afford to make fun of the whole envious flock of you!"

Saying this, the girl sprang up, and began dancing about the kitchen with the baby, making such mirthful noise of singing, and laughing, and chirruping, that Lizzie's angry answering eloquence was

lost. Even Kate did not hear it properly; and though she was quite ready to retort, could not do so with effect because of Marigold's tricks. The crowing baby was danced into her face; his fat hand was thrust into her mouth; she was forced into the play, whether she would or not. Lizzie, having struggled violently and vainly for a hearing, gave way in time to a whirlwind of passion, and, finally, made her exit in a condition of ignominious defeat. In thus defying Lizzie, Marigold knew well that she had also exposed herself to the shafts of all the Lizzie-like people of her acquaintance. But this troubled her little, when, the very next morning, Ulick's first letter was put into her hand.

The letter was full of tenderness; and, though it threw no light on the mysterious cause of the writer's departure, Marigold was perfectly content with it. Her smiles fell on every one that day, and the sun shone out over the lonely grey sea which so haunted her thoughts. Too delicate and proud to speak of her happiness to anyone, she carried the precious paper over her heart; while Kate spread triumphantly the news of its arrival. Even then the Lizzies laughed, and said, "It is easy for a clerk to write letters; it is harder to cross the sea!"

Five letters came to Marigold from Ulick, none of which conveyed any news as to his future plans, or present means of existence. They were dated from London, written evidently in the flush of good spirits, and overflowing with the assurances of love. After this came a sixth, shorter than the others, and as if written in haste; then the watched-for time came round again, when a seventh might be expected. The morning passed, and the evening passed, and the letter did not come. The blossoms fell off Marigold's flowers that day, as her fingers worked amongst them.

A week went by, and still no letter. Marigold smiled at Kate across the fire, and repeated to her Ulick's words—"You must remember that a letter will occasionally miscarry."

"Goodness me!" said Kate. "To be sure they will; and you may as well make up your mind to it."

"Of course, I made up my mind to it from the first," said Marigold; and giving up the missing letter, which seemed to have dropped into that cruel ocean, set herself hopefully to look for its successor. But the letter-time came round again, and brought her nothing more.

Five times Marigold looked vainly for

the longed-for packet, on the accustomed day, before she walked tremblingly into the post-office to enquire for missing letters. Around this bold effort clung her last remaining hope, which was speedily crushed. As she walked home along the oft-travelled road, Ulick's words rang in her ears: "When I cease to write, you may cease to trust." The time had now come, and her heart must break; the wind mourned along the bare brown hedgerows, and the first touch of winter desolated the world; while she moved slowly, as if on a strange journey in a new land, her head erect as ever under the accustomed basket, her dry and burning eyes seeing nothing but that dreadful ocean, which had at last overwhelmed her indeed. Kate did not venture to question her when she returned to the cottage, and passed silently into her own little room. There was that in her face which warned off even sympathy.

After this, her white and altered face was seen less frequently on the road, and in the town. She shrank alike from friends and enemies, and sat alone in her corner, wrapped in an agony of bewildered thought. So the first weeks of winter wore on, until, one evening, Peter Lally arrived from the Towers, and sat down by Kate's fireside, enquiring for Marigold.

"I'm raal unaisy about her," said Peter, lighting his pipe, and speaking low. "It's sich a long, long time since she came near us beyond. Is it true she got no letters this while back?"

"It's true," said Kate. "I'm afraid he's a bad one, after all. She's just dyin' afore my eyes; an' sure, what can I do for her?"

"It's the way of the world," said Peter, ruminating sadly. "Little fault they'd make of such conduct in London, I'm thinkin'. The young and light-minded picks up with new ways. They say 'absence makes the heart grow fonder,' but it's my opinion that love's a flower that often dies of transplantation. However, I mustn't say a word, for I promised her to believe in him."

"She won't hear a word against him yet," said Kate; "but it's aisy to see that the sorrows of death are in her heart."

Marigold's door now opened, and she came out of her room. "I thought I heard a friendly voice," she began with an attempt at her old lively manner; but,

catching Peter's glance, eye and tone failed her, her lips quivered, and then settled into its new expression of enduring pain.

"It's about Poll Hacket I came," said the old man, having cleared his throat, and made a great clatter with his chair; "She's ill, poor body, with a terrible bad turn of her rheumatics. She wants someone to look after her, that's the fact, an' she'll have nobody but Marigold, say what you will to her."

Marigold glanced at him quickly, and put her hand into his.

"Thank you Peter," she said, "I will go back with you at once."

"That's the girl that's always ready to make herself useful!" cried Peter, delighted. "But you mustn't be mindin' Poll, whatever ramblin' rubbish she puts off her tongue. The talk's the only comfort she has at present."

"I know what you mean," said Marigold. "Don't be afraid to speak plainly to me. It will be better for me to hear Poll, no matter what she says, than to meet people at all the corners of the streets, and have to answer their questions!"

"You're right!" said Peter. "You're the sort of a woman a man can be honest with. Well, yes, Kate, I'll drink your health in a cup of tea; an' what I was wantin' to express to Marigold, is this: It's not altogether of ourselves poor Poll is ravin' lately—though for a woman that can keep a stone in her sling, an' let fly at you when you don't expect it, I give the degree to Mrs. Hackett—it's chiefly this report that's on her mind, about the master of Hildebrand Towers that's turned up, they say, an' is comin' home at last."

"What?" cried Kate, kindling at once into a blaze of curiosity. "Don't talk sich nonsense! But I beg your pardon, Mr. Lally; you ought to know the best."

"It's nothing but an idle report," said Peter; "but yon poor woman can think of nothin' else. Seems as if she thought she had grown into a sort o' lady of the Towers herself! But you'd better let us be off, Mrs. Kate, or the night will be too late upon us."

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